

# The PLEASANT HISTORY

Of *Dorallus and Fabula.*



Pleasant for A G F to Sustain drooping Thoughts  
Profitable for YOUTH to avoid other Wanton Pastimes  
and bringing to Both a desired CONTENT.

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*Dorastus in Love-Passion, Writes these few Lines in Praise of his  
Loving and best beloved Fawnia.*

Oh were she plentifull as she is fair,  
As but asmid as she is seeming so,  
Then were my hopes greater than my despair;  
then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe:  
Ah I wish her Heart swelling as her Hand,  
that seems to melt even with the mildest touch,  
That knew I where to fast me in a Land  
among the wide Meadows, but yet not such:  
Soe as the Rose, so faire the budding Rose,  
yet how far far that is an Earthly Flower;  
Soe as the Dewy I like the Spray she grows,  
conceal'd she is with Thorne, and cumber'd Flower:  
Yet would she willing to be pluck'd and worn,  
she would be gathered, though she grow on Thorne.

Ah! when she sings, all Muschellsebe still,  
for none must be compared to her Note,  
Ne'er breath'd such Glee from Philomels Bill,  
nor from the Mornings lingers swelling Throat:  
Ah! when she riseth from her blisful Bed,  
she comforts all the World, as doth the Sun;  
And at her light the Nights foul Vapours fled:  
when she is Set, the glad some day is done:  
O Glorious Sun! imagine me the West;  
Shine in my Arms, and Set thou in my Breast.



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OF  
Dorastus and Fawnia

**A**mongst all the Passions whereby humane minds are perplexed, there is none that is so dangerous with endless mischief, as that infectious Toze of Jealousie: For all other griefs are either to be appeased with sensible persuasions, or to be Cured with wholesome Counsel, or to be relieved in part, or by Tract of Time to be worn out; Jealousie only excepted, which is Soured with suspicious Doubts and pinching Distrust, that which cannot by friendly Counsel be raze out this passion, it heightens it further, that he giveth this advice to cover his own Conscience. Now, when a man is thus with this restless Torment, whereby all his honest pleasures, is almost frozen with fear, and fixed with suspicion, having the whole world all his joy, to be the hinder of his misery. Now, it is such an inveterate enemy to the happy estate of Matrimony, knowing between the married couple, such deadly wounds of secret hatred, as Love being once rayed out by spiteful Distrust, there shall scarce be any Remedy, as this ensuing History manifestly proveth: Wherein Pandosto (formerly bewitched by a causeless Jealousie) procured the Death of his most Loving and Loyal Wife, and his own endless Misery.

**I**n the Country of Bohemia, there Reigned a King called Pandosto, whose Fortune, Success in Wars against his Foes, and benevolent courtesie towards his Friends in Peace, made him be greatly feared and loved of all men.

This Pandosto had to Wife a Lady called Bellaria, by Birth Royal, Learned by Education, Fair by Nature, by Vertues Famous: So that it was hard to judge, whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Vertue, was the greatest Commendation. These two linked together in perfect Love, led their lives with such fortunate content, that their doubts grew

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rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long: but Fortune (willing to increase their happiness) sent them a Son, so adorned with the Gifts of Nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented the Love of the Parents, and the Joy of their Commons, insomuch that the Bohemians to shew their inward Joy by outward Actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs, throughout all the Kingdom: appointed Judges and Councillers for the honour of their young Prince: whither resorted not only his Nobles, but also many Kings and Princes which were his Neighbours, willing to shew their Friendship they drew Pandolfo, and his own Son and also by their Diogenes and Valour Pandolfo, whose wife was married with Princely Liberalities, entertained the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, with such sumptuous courtesie and magnificent luxury, that they all were well willing he was to gratifie their good wills, making a general Feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of many days, all which time the Judges and Councillers were near, to the great contentment of the Kings and Ladies there present. The Bohemian Triumph being quite ended, the assembly taking their leave of Pandolfo and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called Garimur) was carried up in his house, to the great Joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune intended such happy Success, willing to shew some sign of her Providence, turned her wheel, and decked the bright Sun of Prosperity, with the rich Cloath of mischance and misery. For it so hapned, that Agellus King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandolfo, desirous to shew that neither time, or distance of place, could diminish their former Friendship, provided a Navy of Ships, and sailed into Bohemia, to visit his old friend and Companion: who bearing of his arrival, went himself in person, and his Wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great Train of Lords and Ladies to meet Agellus: and kissing him, alighted from his horse, embracing him very lovingly; rejoicing that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his Wife to welcome his old friend and Acquaintance, who (so soon) now she liked him whom her Husband loved) entertained him with such familiar courtesie, as Agellus perceived himself to be very welcome.

After they had thus Saluted and Embraced each other, they mounted again on horseback, and rode toward the City, debating and accounting how being Children, they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes, where by the means of the Citizens, Agellus was received with Triumphs and Shouts, in such sort, that he marvelled how on so small a warning they

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they could make such preparation. Calling the Agents that had such care  
assigned, they came on to the Palace, where Pandosto introduced Egisthus  
and his Sicilians with such pompous and magnificent show, as showed  
as they had all ready to command his Subjects. He, for his part,  
began that was known to come from Sicilia was not without some  
curiosity, that Egisthus might really possess him both in, and out, was  
honoured for his friends sake.

Bellaria (who in her mind was the flower of Conscience) finding in  
himself how ungraciously she loved her husband by his friends, and how  
used him like a slave to familiarity, that her Countenance showed how her  
heart was drawn toward him, (sometimes coming her self into his Bed  
Chamber, to see if nothing should be able to divide her.) This secret  
familiarity increased daily more and more between them: In Bellaria  
noting in Egisthus a princely and becoming mind, shew'd with liberty  
and excellent Qualities, and Egisthus found in her a discretion and  
Courteous disposition, there grew such a secret liking of their Qualities,  
that the one could not be without the company of the other: In such  
that when Pandosto was busied with his private Affairs, that he could  
not be present with his friend Egisthus, Bellaria would walk with him into  
the Garden, and pass the day in private pleasant Discourse, which was  
given their time to love their converse. This Custom did not pass  
between them, a certain solemnely passion entering the mind of Pandosto,  
drove him into humors and doubtful thoughts.

First, he called to mind the Beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comeli-  
ness and beauty of his friend Egisthus, thinking that Love was above all  
Laws, and therefore to be loved with no Law: that it was hard to  
put Fire and Water together without burning, that their own Discreet  
might breed his Secret Suspicion. He considered with himself that  
Egisthus was a Man, and must needs love: that his Wife was a Woman,  
and therefore Subject to love: and that where fancy comes, Friendship  
was of no force. These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time  
lingering in his Stomach, began he felt to breed in his mind a secret  
mistrust, which increasing his Suspicion, grew at last to a flaming jealousy,  
that so tormented him, as he could take no rest. He then began to  
measure all their actions, and misinterpret of their no private familiarities,  
judging that it was not for honest affection, but for dishonest Love:  
so as he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any  
true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful Suspicion. Whilst that he  
watched their looks and gestures, and interpreted their thoughts, and overheard



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the two Kings Sicilia, who neither of them had any Treacherous intent, but each had each other's confidence: who both had in such a Frankish manner, that he began to bear a secret love to Egibus and a loving confidence to Bellaria: who was willing at such unacquainted seasons, because they were beyond the Ocean, and to raise into a thousand thoughts, which they the most serious yet studious, but sleeping in her cell a clear conscience, could not make till such time as the night and opportunity to command the castle of her prison. In the mean time Pandolfo's mind was so much moved with jealousy, that he no longer durst, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egibus carried a treason point in Italy, and so he played him false play. His passion began to revenge in great an injury, he thought best to wipe out the grudge, with a fair and friendly countenance: and to under the shape of a friend, to show him the trick of a Jew: holding with himself a long time, how he might put away Egibus, without suspicion of Treacherous Deceit, contrivance led to poison him. His own Opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in secret he made the matter: presenting him for the performance thereof, to give him a constant Cup of Sweet Revenge. His Cup-bearer, rather being of a good Conscience, in willing for his own sake to deny such a Bloody Request, began with great Reason to persuade Pandolfo from this dangerous Spoil: showing him what an Offence Deceit was to the Gods, how much unnatural actions did more misplease the Heavens than men: and that careless Cruelty did seldom or never escape without revenge: he laid before his face, that Egibus was his friend, a King, and one that was come unto his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity between them: that he saw, and did show him a most friendly countenance: how Egibus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his courtesy: And that if he should now without any just or manifest Cause, poison him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Majesty, and a means to sow a perpetual Enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his own Subjects would repine at such Treacherous Cruelty. These and such like persuasions of Franson, (so he was his Cup-bearer called) could no more prevail to dissuade him from his Devilish Enterprise: But remaining resolute in his Determination, his fury being fired with rage, as it could not be appeased with reason, he began with bitter Taunts to take up his own, and to lay before him two Balis, Poisonment and Death; say-

ing,

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ing, that if he would poison Egeus, he would advance him to high dignities: But if he refused to do it of an obstinate mind, no danger should be so great to require his disobedience. Franion being thus persuaded, Pandosto and more, was set to work against the Queen, contented, as soon as opportunity would give him leave, with such flattery, wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat fasten'd, saying now he should be fully revenged of such unkindness injuries: intending also, as soon as Egeus was dead, to give his child a Boy of the same name, and so to be rid of those which were the cause of his father's death: while thus he lived in this hope, Franion (being left in his Chamber) began to meditate with himself in these terms.

**A**s Franion! Treason is loved of many, but the Tyrant is hated of all: unjust Differences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art bent on a King, and must obey his command, yet against all Love and Conscience: Is it not good to kill a Tyrant with Arms, not to please an unjust King with obedience. What shall thou be? Fully satisfied with, and firmly determined. Willst thou seek after Dignity, and Count's sake for gain: Egeus is a Father to thee, and Pandosto thy Sovereign: Thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to take great care to obey the other. Think this, Franion, that a pound of Gold is worth a tun of Lead. Great gifts are little Gods, and Preference to a man's man is a dangerous incumbrance. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than ruin: were not then though most call thee a Traitor, to all call thee King. Dignity, Franion, advances the posterity; and evil Report can but hurt the self. Know this, where Eagles build, Falcons may prey: where Kings hunt, Foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, Tyrants are known less to contend: Fear thou not then to lift up Egeus. Pandosto shall bear the burden; Yea, but Franion, Conscience is a Gnat that ever stings, but never ceases; that which is catch'd with the same Galadine, will never be lost; Flesh dipped in the Sea Argem, will never be lost: The hard Trigon, being once bit with an Asp, never groweth; the Conscience once stained with innocent Blood, is always dyed to guilt & remorse. (Prefer the Content before Riches, and a clear Mind brings Dignity; so being poor, thou shalt have rich Peace; or else Rich, thou shalt enjoy Solitude.

**F**ranion having murthered out these, or such like words, feeling as he he must live with a clear Mind, or else with a Spotted Conscience, was so cumber'd with diverse Cogitations, that he could take no rest, much

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as he had determined to bring the matter to Egilius : but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the secret till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Fingering thus in a doubtful fear, in an Evening he went to Egilius's Lodging, and desired to speak with him of certain affairs that touched the King : after he were communicated out of the Chamber, Framon made mention the whole Complot which Pandolfo had devised against him, desiring Egilius not to accuse him a Traitor for betraying his Master's Counsel, but to think what he did it for a conscience : hoping that although his Master should be betrayed, yet he should be some further exposed, as Hieronimo Spachey had imagined such confessions mischief, yet when time should pacify his anger, and see that such secrets to be but satisfying Peradventures, then he would count him as a faithful servant, that with such care had kept his Masters credit. Egilius had not fully heard Framon tell forth his Tale, but making time passed off his Ears, thinking that there was some thing wrong, and that Framon did but shadow his Treach with these false Colours : whereupon he began to wax in anger, and said that he would not Pandolfo, did he be his friend, and there had never been as yet any breach of Amity, he had not thought to invade his Land, to conspire with his Enemies, to withdraw his Subjects from their Allegiance, and so much and thought, he could say at all times, he knew not whether or not that Pandolfo to take his Death, but for such it to be a compassed knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him to ruin. Framon saying that in the midst of his tale, told him that he daily with others, was with the Swans to sing against their Duty, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief, it might have been better brought to pass, than by revealing the Conspiracy : especially he desired him to be so misconstrued of his good meaning, by his justice was to punish Pandolfo, and not to become a Traitor : And to conclude his promise, if it pleased his Majesty to be into Sicilia, to the satisfaction of his Wife, he would go with him : and if then he found not such a plotter to be pretended, let his imagined Treachery be repayed with most honourable Rewards. Egilius hearing the Solemn Protestations of Framon, began to consider, That in Love and Kingdoms neither Truth nor Law is to be respected : Doubting that Pandolfo thought by his Treach to destroy his men, and with many others to invade Sicilia : These and such like doubts thoroughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Framon, Promising, if he might with life return to Syracuse, that he would create him a Duke in Sicilia : Craving his Counsel how he might escape



drove out of the Country. Francis, who having some small share in  
 Education, was well acquainted with the Customs and Manners, and  
 knew the Language of the Sea; having in Company with the Captain of  
 Egiptus's Ship, having all their Goods, and setting them about, as  
 they lay at Anchor, to be at the next opportunity, when they should  
 should serve. To night, almost midnight, yet in the dark, observing the  
 full Moon, sent them within the Cove a good sail of Sails; where  
 Francis having for their purpose, to put Pandolfo out of the Country,  
 the Ship before he should sail, he went to him, and persuaded. That  
 for next day he should put the Goods in order, to be put on the Ship,  
 for the next day, as the very Council thereof would permit, when Francis  
 Pandolfo was joyful to hear this good News, and the next day, being a  
 day, till he might be gladdened with this happy return: but for this day  
 but all success: for Egiptus fearing that belonging might prove dangerous, and  
 willing that the Goods should not be put from shore, he sent, calling  
 bag and on baggage, by the help of Francis, to send the Goods and the  
 men out of the Porten Cove of the Ship, to the next day, and the  
 without any Suspicion they got to the next day, where, being many a  
 bitter Cuck, taking their leave of Egiptus, they went aboard,  
 weighing their Anchor, and setting sail, they sailed as far as  
 Allind and then would proceed to the Sea, Egiptus being a great  
 Man, that he had lately passed his time, and was now. But as they  
 were quietly sailing on the Sea, Pandolfo and his Goods were to be  
 appear: For seeing that the Ship, which was sailing, was now, were  
 and away by night. The Don Quixote, seeing some Cuck, and the  
 King thought that without question his Suspicion was true, seeing the  
 Cup-bearer had betrayed the Secret of his Secret, and seeing  
 upon he began to think, that Francis, and his other Companions  
 conspired with Egiptus and that the Secret, which he had told him, was  
 the only means of his Secret, and that, in the end, that increased with  
 rage, he commanded that his will should be carried on to Pylton  
 until they heard further of his pleasure. The Church unwilling to lay  
 their hands on such a Clergyman, and yet fearing the King's  
 fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfil their Charge: Coming to the  
 Queen's Lodging, they found her playing with her Young Son  
 Garinter; unto whom, with Tears, doing their message, Bellaria as-  
 signed of such a hard sentence, and finding her clear Conscience a free  
 Advocate to plead in her cause, went to Pylton most willingly; where  
 both Signs and Tears she passed along the street, till she might come to  
 her Trial.

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But Pandosto, whose Reason was surpris'd with Rage, and whose Imagination full of more intricate Thoughts; seeing Framon had bewar'd his Horrors, and that Bellaria must be call'd on, but not concern'd, determin'd to break all his Affairs on poor Bellaria. By this time could he have imagin'd that he made himself all his Reason: That the Queen and Bellaria had by the Prince Framon, not only committed most incestuous Whoredoms, but also had Conspir'd the King's Death; and that Framon the Captain Framon had fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was now fully furnished. This Proclamation being once made through the Country, although the detestable Allegations of the Queen did but increase the Contumacy, yet the so sudden and speedy a Report of Egistus, and the secret departure of Framon, induc'd them (the Circumstances thoughtfully considered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly enbred; yet they pity'd her case, and were sorrowful that to good a Lady should be cross'd with such adverse Fortune. But the King, whose restless Rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his Daughter's fallow with the bitter Plague of Wenching Penance, yet his mind would never be glori'd with revenge, till he might have a fit opportunity to repay the Treachery of Egistus with a fatal Injury. But a cruel Fate hath overruled their Love, and a willing King, but a weak Aunt. For Pandosto, although he felt that Revenge was a Signer to Kill, and that Fate almost mov'd his Heart, yet he saw that Egistus was not only of great puissance and valiance to withstand him, but also had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need should require, for he was the Emperor's Daughter of Russia. These, and the like Considerations, sometimes daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was sometime fatter to put up a humbled Journey with peace, than hunt after Revenge, Disgrace, and Loss: determining since Egistus had escap'd foot-foot, that Bellaria should pay for all, at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in his Determination, Bellaria continuing still in Prison and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touch'd with such affection, nor that Egistus had never offer'd her such discourteise, would gladly have come to her Answer, that both she might have known her just Accuser, and cleared her self of that guiltless Crime.

But Pandosto was so inflamed with Rage, and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just Excuse, so that she was fain to make a Merue of her word, and with patience to bear

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Dear these heavy Infirmitie. And thus the Iaw created with Calamities  
(a great cause to increase her grief) she found her self quick with Child,  
which ariseth on the selfe in her body. She such long time bitter Tach,  
crelaiming against Fortune in these Terms:

**A** Las, Bellaria! How unfortunate art thou, because Fortunate!  
Better thou hadst been born a Beggar, than a Princess, if knowing  
thou hadst hidden Fortune with want, where none the poverty her self  
with thy plenty. Ah happy Life! where none the poverty her self  
with thy plenty, not fearing Fortune, because she is not Fortune.  
Thou hast now Bellaria, that Care is a Companion to Poverty, where  
Poverty: that High Courts are crowded with Torment, where the  
Shadows are not troubled with the Sunbeams: where the Diamonds are not  
with the Fire, when belov'd Princes are lost in the Night. Dolphins  
sought to by Princes, not by Beggars. How Fortune's Altar, crowded  
with Kings Presents, not with any other Gifts. Beggars are such,  
Bellaria, that curse Fortune for Calamity, not Fate, and yet wish  
they were not, when they have been: Thou art a Prisoner, Bellaria, and  
yet a Prisoner: born to the one by violence, delivered to the other by  
Right: accused without fault, and therefore condemned to the last hour  
for Patience is a shield against Fortune, and a golden wall which  
not to Sorrows, but Fortune's golden wall. Death, and then a new  
Birth. A new is plumed with Time's feathers, and a new adventure  
towards Fame's Temple: They that follow, Shewers that live in  
the Air, and the Indian Herries shall live in the Cloud: And  
Hole stablish a whole Face; and what is once known with Indu-  
try, can hardly be worn out with Time. Thy then Bellaria, Bellaria  
dye: for if the Gods would say, Thou art guiltless, yet shalt thou  
bear the Cross, but never believe the Cross. Ah hapless Bellaria! the  
cause of these Terms: Desperate challenges are fit for them that fear  
Harm, not for such as hope for credit; Pandosto hath darkened thy Fame,  
but shall never discredit thy Vertues. Suspicion may enter a false  
Mission, but proof shall never put in his Plea. Care not then for Censur,  
and Repair both blisters on her Tongue: and let Sorrows pierce them  
which offend, not touch the that are faultless. But alas poor heart,  
how canst thou let Sorrows! Thou art with Child, and by him, that  
instead of kind ply, pinches thee in cold Prison. And with that, such  
gaspings sighs stopped her breath, that she could not utter any more words,  
but wringing her hands, and gushing forth Streams of Tears, she passed  
away the time with bitter Complaints.





## *Dorcas and Fanny*

she fell down in a Swoon, so that all thought she had been dead: yet as life being come to her self, she cried and stretched out in this wise:

**A** poor most unfortunate Babe, Dares born, before ravish'd by Fortune! Wouldst the Day of thy Birth had been the term of my life; then wouldst thou have made an end of care, and prevented the Father's Rigour. The father cannot yet receive such hateful Vengeance; thy days are too short for so sharp Grief: but the untimely death must pay the Father's boasts, and her guiltless Crime must be expiably done. And shall thou, poor Babe! be immur'd in Tumulus when thou art already sigh'd by Fortune? Shall not I be by the Father, and the hard Boat the Grave? Shall the cruel North instead of sweet Kisses, be mipp'd with bitter Scourges? Shall they have the precious Wombs for the Lute-ly, and the pale Sea for a Nurse of young Gulls? Alas! What Desires would offend such a Babe? What Father would be so cruel? O, what Grief will so revenge such Rigour? Let me kiss the Feet, Sweet Infant, and let the tender Gales kiss my Tears, and whisper them about the little Neck; that if Fortune take thee, it may help to comfort thee. Then leave them must go to surge on the gulfed Beach, with a sorrowful sigh. A bid the fatal and I may the Gods that mark Fate ill. Such was so great was the Grief, that her vital Spirit being hurried with Sorrow, she fell again down into a Trance, having her hands so bound with care, that after she was raised, yet she lost her Memory, and lay for some time without moving, as one in a Trance. The Crew left her in this perplexity, and carried the Child to the Ship, who being moved of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put into the Boat, having neither Sail nor Rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the Sea, and there left to the Winds and the Waves, as the Destinies please to appoint. As they were thus talking, the countenance of the young Babe began to scowl the King of Rigour, and to pity the Child's hard Fortune: but fear constrained them to that which their Nature did abhor. So that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin to shelter it as well as they could from Wind and Weather. Having thus trimm'd the Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and so bal'd it to the main Sea, and then cut in sunder the Cord; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty Tempest, which toss'd the little Boat so vehemently in the Waves, that the Shipmen thought it could not continue long without sinking. For the Storm grew so great, that

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last, great labour and press they got to the shore. But leaving the child to her fortune, we will return to Pandosto; who not yet gladdened with sufficient Revenge, desired which way he should best increase his Wife's Calamity. But first assembling the Nobles and Counsellors, he called her (for the more exposure) in open Court, where it was objected against her, That she had committed Whoredom with Egistus and conspired with Franion to poison Pandosto her Husband; but their Accusations being partly eluded, they counselled him to be away by night for their better safety: Bellaria (who standing like a Prisoner at the Bar, and feeling in her heart a clear Conscience to withstand her false Accusers) being no less than Death could wish her Husband's Vengeance, swore both, and vowed, that she might take Law and Justice: (for neither the necessity could nor hoped) and that these perjured Whippersnappers who had so late accused her before the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandosto (whose Rage and Jealousy was such, as no reason nor equity could temper) told her, That for her Accusers, they were at such estate, as their tongues were sufficient witnesses; and that the labour and secret sight of Egistus and Franion, could witness what they had contrived: and as for her, it was her part to answer such a monstrous Crime, and to be impatient in increasing the Sin, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault; but her punishment should stand for no Law: for as the Barbarous which she was, was served, so she should with some cruel death be requited. Bellaria no more dismayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband Pandosto, that he spoke upon Choler, and not Conscience; for her former Life had then been such, as no spot of Sollicitation could over stain it. And if she had born a friendly Countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his Friend, and not for any hidden Affection: therefore if she were condemned without any further trial, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which sat in Judgment, said, That Bellaria speak reason; and intreated the King that her Accusers might be openly examined and sworn; if then the Evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty, (for seeing she was a Princess, she ought to be tried by the Peers) then let her have such Punishment as the Extremity of the Law will assign to such Malefactors. The King presently made Answer, That in this case he might, and would dispence with the Law; And that the Jury being once pannelled, they should take his word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proud of them repent it. The Noblemen seeing the King in Choler were all



## Daphne and Phaon.

all whilst : But Bellaria, whose Life hung in the Ballance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary Death, told the King it his fury might stand for a Law, that it were in vain to have the Jury plead their Verdict : and thereupon she fell down upon her knees, and beseech'd the King, that for the love he bore to his young Queen Gauntee, whom he brought into the World, that he would spare her Person : the which was this, That it would please his Majesty to send for the Priestess of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed Murder with Egistus, or conspired to poison him with Phraon : and if the God Apollo, who by his Divine Omnipotence knows all Secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she was content to suffer any Punishment, how soever so terrible. The Request was so reasonable, that Phaedra the Queen could not deny it, unless he would be reviv'd of all his former more Unjust than Unkind. He therefore agreed, that to-morrow good Sun-day at midnight, there should be certain Ministers dispatched to the Isle of Delphos : and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife should be kept close in Prison. Bellaria being advised that Gauntee was more careful of her little Baby than Death on the Stage, than she was of her own safety : for of that she doubted ; but of her self she was assur'd : knowing that if Apollo should give sentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the sentence should prove for her, and bring the clearness of her mind in the end. But Phaedra (being suspicious Gauntee still remained in one Room) chose out six of her Nobility, whom he knew were scarce indifferent even in the Mother's behalf, and providing all things fit for their Journey, sent them to Delphos. They willing to follow the King's Commands, and desirous for the Situation and Customs of the Place, dispersed their selves, each as much speed as might be, and directed themselves for the Oracle : which (the wind and weather serving it for their purpose) was soon ended. For within three weeks they arriv'd at Delphos : where they were no sooner set on Land, but with great Devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Priests, as the custom was, they humbly crav'd an Answer of their Demands. They had not long stood at the Altar, but Apollo, with a loud voice said : Bohemians, What ye find behind the Altar, take, and depart. They forthwith obey'd the Oracle, found a Scroll of Parchment, wherein were written these words in Letters of Gold.

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## Dornstus and Fannia

**I**F the Divine Powers are wiser to manage actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my sentence will make some good, and my unsuccessed life shall draw spiritual benefit. For although lying reports hath sought to impeach mine honour, and suspicion hath intended to spoil my credit with infants; yet where Mercurius keepeth the Roje, Report and Suspicion may assail, but never take: Now I have led my life before Egilius mourning, I appeal (Pandora) to the Gods, and to the Constancy, whether hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveal. What I told Egilius I cannot deny; that I honoured him, I shame not to confess. The one I was forced to by his Mercurius, to the other for his Dignities. But as touching lascivious Lust, I say, Egilius is honest, and save my self to be found without spot. For Fannion I can neither accuse him, nor excuse him: I was not wiser to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer my self to the Divine Oracle.

**B**ellaria had no sooner said, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes should read the Contents of the Sacred, which after his Command having read, they gave a great shout, clapping and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear of that false accusation. But the King, whose conscience was a witness against him of his wicked lust, and false suggested calumny, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he intreated his Nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget those injuries, promising not only to be her husband a Royal and loving husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egilius and Fannion: revealing then before them all, the cause of their bitter strife, and how treacherously he thought to have practiced his death, if the good mind of his Cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was such thought him that his Young Son Garinter was suddenly dead: whose news, as soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with excessive joy, and now suffocated with heavy sorrow, her vital Spirits were stopped that she fell down presently dead, and never could be revived. This sudden sight so appalled the King's senses, that he sunk from his seat in a swoon, so as he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his Palace, where he lay for the space of three days without speech. His Commons were as men in despair, so diversly distressed, that there was nothing but Mourning and Lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince Dead, their virtuous Queen bereaved of her life, and their King and Sovereign in great hazard. This tragical Discourse of



## The Pleasant History of

Fortune in Vanities, who, as they went their way, did not see: yet came what to comfort these weary wretches, who were that Pandosto was come to himself, and he recovered his youth; who, as in duty, began forthwith his bitter Repentance.

**O** Miserable Pandosto! What more Villainous than Conscience? What thought more base than Satisfaction? What Plague more bad than Jealousie; uncharitable Nations offend the Gods more than men, and countries cruelly never escape without revenge. I have committed such a bloody Fact as Repent I may, but cannot forgive. My Jealousie is a Hell to the Mind, and a horror to the Conscience, suppressing reason, and melting rage: a worse passion than Jealousy, a greater Plague than Jealousie. Alas the Gods just! then let them revenge such uncharitable cruelty: my innocent Wife I have dishonour'd in the World, my loving Child, I have stain'd with dishonourable Suspicion, my Friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slack to Plague such offence. Ah just Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault; why should Garter (My Child) suffer the pain? Alas! why the Gods meant to punish her days, to increase my sorrow, I will offer my guilt: I will be sacrificer to these dishonour'd Souls, whose lives are lost by my unkind words: and with that, he reached up a Chapter to have pardoned himself; but his words being silent, shew'd him from such a bloody Act; persuading him to think that the Common-wealth consisted in his safety, and that those they could not but perish that wanted a Monarch: meaning, that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have a care of his Subjects; and to put their fancies out of his mind, his in-lawes past help, Saturns do not deal, but hurt; and in killing past Cure, Cure is a contradiction. With these and such like persuasions, the King was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind; so that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his Wife to be embalmed, and layd in Lead with her young Son Garter: Creating a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he entomb'd them both; making such Solemn Obsequies at her Funeral, as all Bohemia might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-past Folly: causing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold.

to *Daphne* and *Phaon*

## *The Epitaph.*

**H**ere lyes *Encomb'd Bellona* fair,  
Falsly accus'd to be Unchast;  
Clear'd by *Apollo's* Sacred Doom,  
Yet slain by Jealousie at last.

What e're thou be that pulst by,  
Curse him that caus'd this Queen to dye.

**T**his Epitaph being Engraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire  
to the Tomb, and there with many Prayers bewail his misfor-  
tune; tobering no other Company but *Demetrius*; and no other Ceremony  
but Repenances. But looking him to his malicious passions, at last let  
us come to *Ques the Tropical Discourse of the young Infant.*

**W**ho being toiled with *Winds and Waves*, passed two whole  
Days without succour, ready as they were to be drowned in the  
Sea; till at the last, the Tempest ceas'd, and the little Boat was dis-  
cern'd with the Cape into the Coast of *Sicilia*, where striking upon the  
Sands, it ceas'd. *Fortunio* wishing to be known (wishing to know  
what as the hard voyagers on her Breast, in the last hour of her  
Choke) thought after so many toilsome toils, to send a signed note;  
and after a pulling apart, re being a pretty calce, he began thus to  
dally. It fortun'd a poor mercenary Shepherd that dwelt in *Sicilia*, who  
got his living by other means. *Flora* mistooke one of his Sheep, and  
thinking it had strayed into the Forest that was far by, sought very  
diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the  
Wolves or Eagles had undone him (for he was so poor, as a Lamb  
was half his substance) wandred down towards the Forest side, to see  
if perchance the Sheep was browsing on the same. Why, whereupon she  
so gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return  
to his flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no house  
near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it must be blea-  
ting of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly as he sat his

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Eyes to the Sea, he espied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively listened) he might hear a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the Boat; as he looked in, he saw a little Babe, lying all alone, ready to dye for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly Embroidered with Gold, and holding a Chain about her neck. The Shepherd who had never before seen so fair a Babe, nor so rich Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breast. The Babe who watched with her head to seek for the Pap, began again to cry afresh; whereby the poor man knew that it was a Child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of Weather: murthering who such a little Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain must not but be born of Noble Parentage, would be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined solely himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the dispositions of the King, for his ability could not afford to follow it, though his mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold: there fell down at his feet a very fair and rich purse, wherein he found a great Sum of Gold, which gave him the more reason to believe it to be some Noble's, as he was greatly ravished with joy, and counted himself lucky; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, feeling it to be his own, that he might spend his further danger. Secretly, when he was at the least without the Cold, though he would not keep the Child: the simplicity of his Conscience frightened him from this wonderful discovery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful dilemma, until at last the covetousness of the Gold overcame him; for what will not the power of Gold cause a Man to do? Now that he was resolved in himself to follow the Child; and with the intention to Kill the Infant: Reflecting what related in this point, he kept seeking the Ship, and as covertly, and as secretly as he could, went a by-way home to his house, lest any of his Neighbours should perceive his carriage. As soon as he was come home, entering in at the door, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and perceiving her husband with a young Babe in his Arms, began to be somewhat jealous; perceiving that her husband should be so wanton abroad, and be so quiet at home: But as all Women are naturally given to believe the worst, his Wife thinking it was some Bastard, began to cry



## Dorastus and Fawnia.

Against the Good-man, and taking up a Cudgel (for the most Master went Swindling) swore solemnly that he would make Clubs Trump, if he brought any Bastard Boy within her Door: The Good-man seeing his Wife in her Majesty, with her Waxe in her hand, thought it was time to bow, for fear of blows, and desired her to be quiet, for there was no such matter, but if she would hold her peace, they would make Joyes; and thereupon he presently told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any surname, wrapped up in that costly Mantle, and having the Rich Chain about her Neck, but at last when he showed her the Purse full of Gold, she began to smother somewhat sweetly, and taking her husband about the Neck, kissed him after her homely fashion, saying, That she hoped God had seen their want, and now meant to relieve their Poverty; and seeing they could get no Children, had sent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take heed in any case (said the Shepherd) that you be secret, and not blab it out when you meet with your Fellows, for if you do, we are like not only to lose the Gold and Jewels, but our other Goods, and perhaps our Lives: Lull (quoth his Wife) Profit is a good Watch before the Door, fear not, I have divers other things to talk of than this, but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the Jewels, lest by any mishap it be eluded. After that they had set all things in order, the Shepherd went to his Sheep, with a merry Rate, and the good Wife learned to sing Lull-a-by at home, with her young Babe wrapped in a homely Blanket instead of a Rich and costly Mantle, nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began to be a pretty Girl: In so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it: and as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty: The Shepherd every night at his coming home, would sing and dance it upon his knee, and praise, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him Dad, and her Mam: At last, when it grew to ripen Years, that it was about Seven years Old, the Shepherd left keeping of other Men's Sheep, and with the money he found in the Purse he bought himself the Lease of a pretty Farm, and got a small Flock of Sheep: which when Fawnia (so the Child) came to the age of ten Years, he let her to keep Sheep, and she with such diligence performed her charge, as the Sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her Father, and Mopsa her Mother, (who so was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such Reuerence, as all the neighbours praised the dutiful Obedience of the Child. Porrus

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Fortune in a short time to be a Man of wealth and credit: For Fortune laboured him in having no charge but Pawnia, that he began to purchase Land; intending, after his death, to give it to his Daughter: so that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Vassals to his House. For Pawnia was something cleanly scired, being of such Angular Beauty and excellent wit, that who saw her would have thought she had been some heavenly Demion, and not a mortal Creature; insomuch, that when she came to the age of Fifteen Years, she is increased with exquisite perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural Disposition did bewain that she was born of some high Parentage. But the People thinking she was the Daughter of a Shepherd, Porrus rested only amazed at her Beauty and wit. Yet, she won such Labour and commendations in every Man's Eye, as her Beauty was not only praised in her Country, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet was such her humble Modesty, that although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with praise, but humbled her self as became a Country Maid and the Daughter of a poor Shepherd. Every day she went forth with her Sheep to the Field, keeping them with such care and diligence as all Men saw she was very painful. She defended her Face from the heat of the Sun with no other veil, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers: which Artifice became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the Goddess Flora her self for Beauty. Fortune who all this while had showed a friendly Face, began now to turn her Back, and to them a lowering Countenance; intending as he had given Pawnia a slender check, so he would give her a harder stroke. To bring which to pass, she laid her train out this wise: Egistus had but one only Son called Dorastus, about the Age of Twenty Years; a Prince so cherished and adored with the Gifts of Nature, so fraught with Beauty and virtuous Qualities, as not only his Father joyed to have so good a Son, but his Commons rejoiced that God had sent them so noble a Prince to succeed in the Kingdom. Egistus placing all his joy in the perfection of his Son (seeing that he was now Marriageable) sent Ambassadors to the King of Denmark, to entreat a Marriage between him and his Daughter; who willingly consenting made answer, That the next Spring, if it pleased Egistus with his Son to come into Denmark, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly Answer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it unto his Son. Finding therefore on a day an opportunity, he spake to him in these Fatherly Terms.

Dorastus.

## *Dorastus and Fannia.*

**D**orastus, thy youth teacheth me to purchase the World, and mine Age to prevent the Best. Opportunities neglected are signs of Folly. Actions measured by Time are seldom blent with Repentance. Thou art young, and I Old; Age hath taught me that which the Youth cannot conceive.

I therefore will address thee as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a Child. Thou hast my white Hairs are Blossoms for the Crown, and thy fresh Colours, Fruit for Time and Age: So that it behoveth me to think how to dye, and for thee to care how to live. My Crown I must leave by Death, and thou enjoy my Kingdom by Succession.

Wherein, I hope, Venus and Proserpine shall be such, as though my Subjects want my Person, yet shall be in thee my Perfection. That nothing may fail either to facilitate the Spire, or increase the Dignities, the only care I have, is to be the well married before I dye, and thou become Old.

Dorastus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to dye with Mars in the Field, than to dally with Venus in the Chamber) hearing so displeas'd his Father, and yet not willing to be Wiled, made him this Reverend Answer.

**S**ir, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor no stricter Law than Nature: Disobedience in Youth, is often gall'd with delight in Age. The Command of a Father ought to be as constant to the Child: So Parents Wills are so much Lawd that they pass all Laws: May it please your Grace therefore, to appoint whom I shall love, rather than by denial I should be impeach'd of Disobedience, I rest content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his Son to Age so far beyond the Mark, began to be somewhat Cholerick, and therefore made him this Answer.

**W**hat Dorastus, canst thou not love? Cometh this Cynical passion of proud Wealth, or peevish Frivolousness? What dost thou think thy self too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter than Youth, no: sweeter bettearing, but not revealed. If thou marry in Age, thy Wills fresh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts, and suspicion; and thy Wills hates her loathsome and sorrow. For Venus Affections are not fed with Kingdoms or Treasures, but with youthful Content, and sweet

Amour.



## The Pleasant History of

**Demetrius**: Vulcan was allowed to make the Tree, but Mars allotted to him the Fruit.

**Phil** (**Dorastus**) to the Father's persuasions, which may prevent the perils: I have chosen thee a Wife, fair by Nature, Royal by Birth, by Vertues famous, Learned by Education, and Rich by Possessions: So that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or Fortune bet Braver or Wiser, he of greater Force I mean (**Dorastus**) **Euphonia**, Daughter and heir to the King of Denmark.

**Agistus** putting her a while, looking when his Son should make him answer, and seeing that he stood still as one in a Trance, he took him up thus sharply.

**W**ELL (**Dorastus**) take heed, the Tree **Slypha** wasteth not with Age, but withereth with Debt; that which **Love** soweth with not, perisheth with Hate. If thou like **Euphonia**, thou breedest my content, and in loving her, thou shalt have my love: otherwise, thou shalt always be a cause of very much discontent unto me. And with that he came from his Son in a rage, leaving him a sorrowful man, in that he had by denial displeased his Father, and half angry with himself, who he could not yield to that passion, whereas both Reason, and his Father persuaded him. But he how Fortune is plumed with Golden Feathers, and how she can minister strange causes to breed strange effects.

It hapned not long after this, That there was a meeting of all the Shepherdess Daughters in Sicily, whither **Fawnia** was also bidden as the Mistress of Feast, who having adorned her self in her best Garments, went among the rest of her Companions to a Merry-meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as Shepherdess use. As the Evening drew on, and their sport ceased, each taking their leave of other, **Fawnia** desiring one of her Companions to bear her company, went home by the Night to see if they were solved. And as they returned, it fortuned that **Dorastus** (who all that day had been a Hawking and killing sort of Game) encountered by the way these two Maids, fearing that with **Aedon** he had seen **Diana**; so he thought such exquisite persuasion could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he stood in a maze, one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her head was **Fawnia**, that fair Shepherdess, whose Beauty was so much talked of in the Court. **Dorastus** desirous to see if Nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as he had desired her Body with outward Grace; began to Question with her.

## *Dorastus and Fawnia.*

her; whose Daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up? Who answered him with such modest Reverence, and sharpness of Wit, that Dorastus thought her much more than a Countersfeit to darken her inward qualities: Wondering how so contrary Behaviour could be found in so simple a Cottage; and cursing Fortune, that had shadowed Wit and Beauty with such poor Fortune. As thus he held her a long time in chat, being seeing him at a hand, thought not to lose theantage, but struck him so deeply with an invincible Shaft, as he wholly lost his liberty and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned him; glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who before refused the offer of a rich Prince. For the persuasion of Fawnia had so killed her Father, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affections altered: cursing Fate that he had wrought such a Change, and blaming the benefactor of his mind that should make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate toys that might be thrust out of pleasure: to avoid the Syren that enchanted him, he spurs his Hovse, and has his fair Shepherdess over-looked.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely Character of Dorastus) seeing his face so well favoured, and each Limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to please his Persuasion: commending him so long, till she found her self faulty, and perceiving if she looked but a little further, she might discover the Cheat. She therefore seeking to quench that Fire which never was put out, went home; and found her self not well at ease, got her to Bed, where taking a thousand thoughts in her Head, she could take no Rest: For if she thought, she began to call in mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his Persuasion. Persuaded with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as well as she could in those Numbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a Flea in his Ear, could not by any means forget the Sweet Labour of Fawnia) his being so overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no Rest. He felt Fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield an unthought, yet he began with divers Considerations to suppress his frantick Affection; calling to mind, that Fawnia was but a Shepherdess; one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince, much less to be beloved of such a Potentate; thinking what a discredit it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his Father: blaming Fortune, and accusing his

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when falling, that he should be so found as; but once call a glancer at such a  
 Country, which. And as that he was raging against himself, Love  
 (feeling it the hottest long, to lose her Champion) kept more nigh, and  
 gave him such a death wound, as it pierced him to the heart, that he  
 was faine to give, strange his lover, and to forsake the Company, and  
 get himselfe his Chamber, when being solemnly set, he burst into these  
 passionate Exclamations.

**A** Dorastus! art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tied  
 to these unacquainted Passions. Fie! to fancy thou canst not,  
 by thy Father's Counsel; but in a frenzy thou art by just Desires.  
 Thy Father were content if thou couldst love; and thou therefore dis-  
 content because thou dost love. O Divine Love, Lord of Men,  
 because benighted of God: not to be suppressed by Willdom, because  
 not to be comprehended by Reason, without Laws and therefore above  
 Love.

Now then Dorastus! Why dost thou blaze that witch Praises, which  
 thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses; Yet why should they curse  
 Love, who are in Love.

Blame Dorastus at the Fortune, thy Choice, thy Love: Thy  
 Thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy Affections  
 without discredit. Ah Fawnia! Sweet Fawnia! the Beauty Fawnia.  
 Wretched thou not Dorastus, to name one unfit for thy Birth, thy  
 Dignities, thy Kingdoms? Die Dorastus, Dorastus die: Better  
 had'st thou perish'd with high Deeds, then live in base Thoughts, Yet,  
 but Beauty must be obeyed because it is Beauty: Yet famed of the  
 Goddesses feed the Eye, not to fetter the Heart.

Ah, but he that striketh against Love, shooteth with them of Scyrum  
 against the Wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh against the Steel.  
 I will therefore obey, because I must obey; Fawnia, yes Fawnia,  
 shall be my Fortune in spite of Fortune: The Gods above disdain not  
 to love Mortals beneath: Phœbus liked Jupiter, Daphne, Jove; and  
 why not I then Fawnia? One something inferiour to these in Birth,  
 but far superiour to them in Beauty, born to be a Shepherdess, but too  
 thy to be a Goddess.

Ah Dorastus! Wilt thou forget thy self, as to suffer Affection to  
 suppress Willdom, and Love disgrace thine Honour? How shouldst wilt  
 thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowful to thy Subjects, to thy Friends  
 a grief, most glad some to thy foes? Subdue then thy Affection, and  
 cease to love her whom thou couldst not love, unless blinded with too  
 much



## Dorastus and Fawnia.

much Love, Tush, talk to the wind, and in seeking to mend the  
 Canker, I further the Canker. I will not waste Fawnia, honour, rea-  
 son, and love Fawnia; and at this day follow Content, not Counsel. No  
 Dorastus, thou canst repent: and with that the Page came into the  
 Chamber; whereupon he ceased from Complaining, hoping that time  
 would wear out what Fortune had wrought.

By thus he was pinched; so poor Fawnia was liberally persecuted;  
 for the next morning getting up very early, she went to her sheep,  
 thinking with hard labour to pass away her newly conceived sorrow,  
 beginning very busily to drive them into the field, and then to sell the  
 folds. At last wearied with rest, she sat her down, where (poor  
 soul!) she was much tickled with fond affection: For Love began to  
 assault her, insomuch, that she sat upon the Arm of a Hill, she began  
 to accuse her own folly in this Term.

**I** Forsooth Fawnia, and therefore Informant, because Fawnia, the  
 Shepherdess took notice the poor State; the youth desired, the  
 aspiring mind; the one declares the instant, the other the pain. She  
 beheld Hawk and Eagle high as the Heavens, no Love gaze against  
 the Sun, but the Eagle's station wrought against Nature, and against  
 thoughts above Fortune, all that.

Fawnia, thou art a Shepherdess, Daughters to poor Porcus: If thou  
 rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if thou climb, thou art  
 like to fall. The Tree Anas growing higher than fir, Tachet, hermit  
 where Nilas doth sing more than the Cuckoo, procured a Death.  
 During affections that pass measure, are cut short by Fate or Fortune.  
 Suppose then (Fawnia) these thoughts, which thou must learn to  
 expel. But oh Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power,  
 and constrain by Force.

Dorastus, oh Dorastus is the Span I love: the tongue is the key, and  
 the less cause thou hast to hope. Shall Eagles catch at flies? Shall  
 Cedars stoop at Brambles? Or mighty Princes look at such base  
 Trulls? No, no, think this, Dorastus's disdain is greater than his  
 desire. He is a Prince respecting his Honour; thou a Beggar's self  
 forgetting thy Calling: Cease then not only to say, but to think to  
 love Dorastus, and dissemble thy Love Fawnia: for better it were to  
 die with grief, than to live with shame. Yet in despite of Love I  
 will try to see if I can fight out Love.

Fawnia, somewhat expressing her griefs with these pithy perambulations,  
 began after her wonted manner, to walk about her sheep, and to keep

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them from creeping into the Corn, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her late Estate, and with the impossibilities of obtaining her desire; thinking it were Frenzy (not Fancy) to covet that which she very well knew was her to obtain.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions: for Love so directly assailed him, that neither Company nor Music could mitigate his Torment, but rather far the more increase the Malady. Some would not let him erabe Countel in this case: nor fear of his Fathers displeasure rebell it to any secret friend; but he was fain to make a Secretary of himself, and to participate his thoughts with his own troubled mind. Lining thus a while for doubtful suspense, at last feeling secretly from the Town, but without other than a Page, he went to see if he could espie Fawnia walking abroad in the field. But as one having a great deal more skill to estimate the Partridge with the Spaniels, than to hunt after such a Prey; he sought, but was little the better: which cross had by him into a great choler, that he began to accuse both Love and Fortune. But as he was ready to retire, he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the shade of a hill, making a Garland of such homely flowers as the field did afford: This sight so troubled his Specter, that he durst not with more judgement to take a view of her singular perfection, which he found to be such, as in the Country Streets he had seen all the Country Dames of Sicilia.

While thus he stood gazing with piercing looks on her surpassing Beauty, Fawnia call for Cyrill, and espied Dorastus, which sudden sight made the poor Girl to blush; and to dye her Cyprian Cheeks with the Alcrimson red: which gave her such a grace, as she seemed far more beautiful: and with that she rose up, saluting the Prince with such modest Courtliness, as he wondered how a Country Maid could afford such comely Behaviour. Dorastus repaying her Courtelle with a smiling countenance, began to parley with her in this manner.

**F**air Maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepherds life is very sweet; that your delight is in such Country Labours: I cannot conceive what pleasure you should take, unless you mean to imitate the Nymphs, being your self in like a Nymph: To put me out of doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a Shepherds Life, and what pleasure you have to counterball these munging Labours. Fawnia with blushing face made him this Answer.

**C**yrill, what richer state than content? Or what sweeter life than quiet? The Shepherds are not born to Honour, nor beholding

## Dorastus and Fawnia.

unto Beauty, the less care have we to fear Fame or Fortune. We count our Attire brave enough, if warm enough; and our Food halcyon, if to suffice Nature. Our greatest Enemy is the Idiot, our only care is safe keeping our Flock: instead of Courtly Ditties, we spend the days with Country Songs, our Amorous Conceits are homely Thoughts; delighting as much to talk of Pan, and his Country Pranks, as Lovers to tell of Venus, and her wanton Toys. Our toil is in shifting our Folds, and looking Pleasures; our greatest wealth, not to covet; our honour, not to climb; our quiet, not in care: Envy looketh not so low as Shepherds; Shepherds gaze not so high as Ambition; We are rich, in that we are poor with Content; and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

**T**his witty Answer of Fawnia, so insinuated Dorastus's Fancy, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice: thinking if her Birch were answerable to her Wit and Beauty, that he were a fit Mate for the most famous Prince in the World. He therefore began to like her more narrowly on this manner.

**F**awnia, I see thou art content with Country Pastors, because thou knowest not Courtly Pleasures: I commend thy Wit, and pity thy Estate. But wilt thou forsake thy Father's Cottage, to serve a Courtly Distress?

**Sic** (quoth she) Beggars ought not to strive against Fortune, nor to gaze against Honour, lest either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toil for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their Nature: better live in mean Degrees, than in high Distress.

**Well said Fawnia** (quoth Dorastus) I guess at thy thoughts, thou art in love with some Country Shepherd.

**No Sic** (quoth she) Shepherds cannot love, they are so simple; and Maids may not love, they are so young.

**May therefore** (quoth Dorastus) Maids must love, because they are young: for Cupid is a Child, and Venus tho' old, is painted with fresh colours.

**I grant** (saith she) Age may be painted with new Shadows, and Youth may have imperfect Affections: but what art concealed in one, Ignorance revealeth in another. Dorastus seeing Fawnia held him so hard, thought to have given her a fresh charge; but he was prevented by certain of his men, who minding their Master, came passing to seek him. Seeing that he was gone forth all of a sudden, and before that



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is high that they might hear themselves, he used these Speeches.

Altho Fawnia, perhaps I love thee, and then thou must needs yield, for thou knowest I can command and constrain. Tush Sir, (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained Love is force, not Love. And know this Sir, mine honesty is such, as I had rather die, than be a Concubine then unto a King; and my Birth is to hale, as I am unfit to be a Wife unto a poor Farmer. Altho then (quoth he) thou shalt not love Dorastus. Yes, said Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a Shepherd. And with that the presence of his men broke off their party, so that he went with them to the place, and left Fawnia sitting on the hill. She, when seeing that the night grew on, twisted her hands, and busied her self about other Affairs, to wile away such tedious hours as began to trouble her brain. But all this could not prevail; for the Beauty of Dorastus, had made such a deep impression on her heart, as could not be wipen out with a small matter; so that she was fain to blame her own folly, in this case.

**A**h Fawnia! Altho dost thou gaze against the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Dost thou to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the Hand? Dost thou to be measured by longines, not by desires? Faint come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. Altho then, shall all fear to fall, because some hap to fall? Do not search by lot, and fortune, whether those Threads which the Destinies spin.

Thou art labour'd Fawnia of a Prince; and yet thou art so fond to reject desired labours. Thou hast denial at thy Tongues end, and desire at thy hearts bottom. A Mans fault, to spurn at wit with his foot, which he greedily catcheth at with his hand; Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and percomest to love. Take heed, if he cease, thou wilt repent: For unless he love, thou canst but die. Wilt thou then, shall all fear to fall, because some hap to fall? Do not search by lot, and fortune, whether those Threads which the Destinies spin. The Lyon never preyeth on the House, nor do Falcons stoop at dead fowls. Sit down then in this sorrow: cease to love, and content thy self, that Dorastus will bough- sale to flatter Fawnia, tho' not to fancy Fawnia.

Why hoe? Ah fool, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a Shepherd, than to sigh as a Lover. And with that she ceased from these perplexed Passions, folding her Sheep, and hying home to her poor Cottage. But such was the constant sorrow of Dorastus, to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia; and to see how fond he was, being a

## *Dorastus and Fawnia*

lose his wanted appetite, to look pale and wan; instead of mirth, he fed on melancholy; for Courtly Dances, he used cold Dumps; in somnolence, that not only his own men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his sudden change, thinking that some lingering sickness had brought him in this state: Wherefore he caused Physicians to come. But Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his Urine; but remained still so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in himself a further inconvenience. His Honour wished him to cease from such idle fancies; but Love forced him more to follow. Fancy; yea, and in despite of Honour, Love won the Conquest; so that his hot desire, caused him to find new Services: For he presently made himself a Shepherd's Coat, that might go unknown; and with less suspicion, to practise with Fawnia, and conveyed it very secretly into a thick Grove, hard adjoining unto the Palace, whither finding at time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, gat on those Shepherd's Rags, and taking a great Book in his hand, (which he also had gotten) went very demurely to find out the Missels of his affection. But as he was going along, and seeing himself clad in such unbecoming and uncourtly Rags, he began to smile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondness in these terms.

**W**ELL, said Dorastus, thou keepst a good Decorum, baste thyself, and homely Attires; thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and the Apparel such as only becomes a Shepherd. A strange change, from a Prince to a Peasant! What, is it the wretched Fortune, or willful Folly; is it the cruel Destinies, or the cruel Deities, that appoint thee this Penitance? Oh Dorastus! thou canst not love, and unless thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet thou wilt chase Flowers, not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pebbles; Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in Silks, not in Rags; and Cupid treadeth on Daisies, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet, Dorastus, Gamie not at the Shepherd's Trade; the Heavenly Gods have sometimes Earthly Thoughts: Neptune became a Ram; Jupiter a Bull; Apollo a Shepherd; they Gods, and yet in Love; and thou appointed to Love.

Debasing this wile himself, he drew nigh to the place where his beloved Fawnia was keeping her Sheep, who casting her Eye aside, and seeing such a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly Amused, and coming with

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to great a pace, she began half to forget Dorastus, and to favour her pretty Shepherd, whom she did imagine she might both love and obtain: But as she was ruminating upon these thoughts, she perceived then it was the Young Prince Dorastus; wherefore she rose up, and reverently saluted him: Dorastus taking her by the hand, repayed her Courtesie with a sweet kiss; and laying her soft down by him, he began thus to lay the Battery.

**I**f thou marvel, Fawnia, at my strange Attire, thou wouldest more  
marke at my unaccustomed thoughts: the one disgraceth but my out-  
ward shape, the other disturbeth my inward Senses: I love Fawnia,  
and therefore what love liketh, I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast  
promised to love, and I hope thou wilt perform no less: I have fulfil-  
led thy request, and now thou canst not but grant my desire. Thou  
wert content to love Dorastus, when he came to be a Prince, and be-  
came a Shepherd; and see, I have made a change, and therefore not  
to mislike of my choice.

**T**hough, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks,  
painted Eagles are Pictures, not Eagles; Zeuxis Grapes were  
like Grapes, yet shadow; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor  
heavily Attire Beggars: Shepherds are not called Shepherds, be-  
cause they wear Hooks and Bags, but they are born so, and like to  
keep Sheep: so this Attire hath not made Dorastus a Shepherd, but to  
seem like a Shepherd.

**W**ELL Fawnia, answereth Dorastus, were I a Shepherd, I  
could not but love thee; being a Prince, I am forced to love  
thee. Take heed, Fawnia, be not proud of Beauties painting; for  
it is a flower that fadeth in the blossom. Those which disdain in  
youth, are helples in Age. Beauties shadows are trick'd up with  
times Colours, which being let to dry in the Sun, are stained  
with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight: ere they begin to be  
worn the light: Not much unlike the Herb Ephimeron, which  
flourisheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sun set-  
ting. If my desire were against love, thou mightest justly deny me  
my Reason: But I love thee Fawnia, not to mislike thee, as a Con-  
cubine, but to use thee as my Wife, I can promise no more, and mean  
to perform no less.

Fawnia



*Dorastus and Fawnia.*

Fawnia hearing this solemn protestation of Dorastus, could no longer withstand the assault, but yielded up the Fort to their friendly Terms:

**A**s Dorastus! I came to myself, that thou hast set me with thy sacred Speech to confute: my base birth cannot the one, nor thy high Dignities the other: Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my desires reach as high as Princes. I have not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a Shepherdess: But the Gods know I have honoured Dorastus, (pardon if I say amiss) yet, and love Dorastus with such heartfelt affections which Fawnia can perform, as Dorastus desire: I yield not, overcome with Power, nor with Love: resisting Dorastus's Frankness, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice or stain his Honour, or my Credit.

**D**orastus hearing this friendly Conclusion of Fawnia, embraced her in his Arms, swearing, that neither Distance, Time, nor adverse Fortune, should diminish his Affection; but that in despite of Distances he would remain faithful to her.

During this plight their Lives each to each, Lovers they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia. For that Egrius contest would never be granted to so mean a man: Dorastus nevertheless, as soon as the time and opportunity would give him leave, to gather a great mass of money, and many rich and noble Jewels, for his better carriage, and then to transport themselves and their Lovers into Italy, where they should lead a carefree life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by Aurelius come to the Kingdom.

This desire was greatly pleasing to Fawnia: For she thought, if the King his Father should but hear of the Emperor, that his fury would be such as no less than Death should look for payment. She therefore told him that delay bred danger: That many nights she had out for-knew the cup and the tin; and that to stand longer, it were as good as much speed as might be, to get out of Sicilia, and therefore might pre-bent their patience with some new delights. Dorastus, whom love quicken forward with desire, promised to deliver him himself with a great haste, at either time of opportunity would give him leave: and so resting upon this point, after many embraces and sweet kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the

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the Globe, where he had rich apparel, and their uncasing himself as liberally as might be, binding up his Shepherds attire till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the Palace, shewing by his merry Countenance, that either the State of his Body was amended, or the State of his Mind greatly amended. Fawna, poor soul was no less joyful, that being a Shepherdess, Fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the Daughter of a poor Farmer, to be Wife to a rich King. So that he thought every hour a year, till by their departure, they might grow dangerous; not ceasing still to go every day to her Sheep; not so much for the sake of the flock, as for the desire he had to fix her Love and Heart.

Darius, who oftentimes when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his fancy with the sweet remembrance of Fawna's piety. And although he never went to visit her, but in his shepherd's attire, yet his disguise made him not only suspected, but known to others of that household, who for the good will they bore to old Porrus, told him secretly of the matter, advising him to keep his daughter at home, lest she went to stray to the fields, and she brought him home a young lion: for they feared that Fawna being so beautiful, the young lions would attack her to folly.

He had been driven in a trap at the station, to the chairman his  
 name was Mr. [redacted] will be first and come to the court, and call-  
 ing the name and bringing the names, and giving the names, he  
 had the power to be in the court.

I am afraid, Willie, that my Daughter Fawnia hath been too forward, and made her self to sin, and that she will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate. I have heard, which if it be true, (she will deny it) has been spoken of, that she told me my Neighbour, that Dorcas was the first that began to sin in our Daughter Fawnia; which if it be so, I will not give her a half-penny for her honesty at the next sale. I tell you Willie, nowadays beauty in a great deal more than good sense, and fair words and sweet promises are too great Enemies to Chastity; and you know, where the most Interest and Reward obtain, there Dances may continue, and will obtain. I trust Things done better in Paris, yet they may be seen: and good Women's faults are slipped at a little hole. Alas, it is a hard case where Kings Indulge are Ladies, and that they should

## Dorcas and Fawnia

bind you Men to that which they themselves willingly seek.  
Peace husband (quoth the Clerk) take heed what you say: I speak  
no more than you shall find you have said: your words are true.  
Streams are to be dried by drought, and the heart is to be  
to be persuaded by himself, and by reason. He that has  
but no more than you say, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
you lose your own heart.

Take heed, I say. It is in saying what you say, and how you  
say it, that you lose your heart. The Clerk said he would not  
looking into the Clerk's face, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was

Truly said (quoth he) that Dorcas has a heart of the same  
kind that Dorcas has a heart of the same kind (quoth he)  
it will tell me little better, the things that you say are  
doubt, but we would not lose our hearts and lives for a  
fore, hath no Law, and I will prevent the mischief that  
that is come into the world, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
dissemble Dorcas. He meant to say the Clerk's words were  
found with Fawnia, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
understand, how he is come to my daughter, but I will not  
up with the Clerk's words, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
wherein was involved this creature. By which means I have  
King will have Fawnia, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
shall be married.

This device pleased the good Clerk very well, in that he perceived  
as soon as they might know the thing, it should be done, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
this case.

In the mean time, Dorcas was not back in his study, but  
plied his business with the Clerk, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
for their journey. Dorcas was not back in his study, but  
chilling there was no better place than a strange country.  
Rich Clerk he had provided for Fawnia, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
the matter to pass without the help and advice of some one, he made  
an old servant of his, called Caprio, who had learned Latin from his  
Childhood, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
best, to travel with him, and so saying, Fawnia's answer was  
and death to travel, in the country, that within that space he had passed a  
Ship ready for their passage.

The Mariners being a fair Gale of Wind for their purpose  
wished





## Dorothea and Roderigo

Capnio (who Dorastus knew the whole matter) began to scold him in his talk, and said, that Dorastus might not like a Prince to spoil any poor mans Daughter in that sort: he therefore would be the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest Man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the Palace, for the King means this day to take the air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a ship that lies in the Haven: I am going before you so, to prepare all things in a readines: And if you will follow my counsel, turn back with me to the Haven where I will see you in such a fit place, as you may stand to the King at your pleasure. Porrus going came to Capnio's house, and gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly Office, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of Dorastus: yet concealing secretly the Chain, and the Jewels. As soon as they were come to the Shore, the Mariners seeing Capnio, came to speak with their Cock-boate, who still dissimbling the matter, demanded of Porrus, if he would be the skipper, who unwilling, and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made this excuse. That he could not drink the Sea, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio seeing that by false means he could not get him aboard, Commanded the Mariners, that by Violence they should carry him into the Ship, who like sturdy Rascals pulled the poor Merchant on their Becks, and bearing him to the Boat, launched from the Bank.

Porrus seeing himself so cruelly betrayed, durst not cry out for he saw it would not prevail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Mariners to be good to him, and to give him redress. He was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They laughing to see the Merchant so afraid, made as much haste as they could to let him aboard. Porrus was no sooner in the Ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawstus: yet he scarce durst look on her, for she had suited her self in rich apparel, which so increased her Beauty, that she resembled rather an Angel than a mortal Creature.

Dorothea and Roderigo were both astonished to see the ships berthed, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him thither: till Capnio told them all the whole discourse, how Porrus was going to make his complaint: such a thing, if he could he had not suspected him: now there-  
fore

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How now Sir he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger, it were best to carry him into Italy.

Dorastus melted greatly for many days, and sorrow of his country: his Father (who till lately loved him as his Father) began to think for himself, that he yet might be found in danger or displeasure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Kindred, into foreign Land amongst Strangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and in his tears to intercede Dorastus, that perceiving his unchangeable love, he would give him leave to go home: promising that he would keep all things as secret as he could. And for their motivations could not prevail, although Fawnus entreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the Mariners hoisted their Sails, weighed Anchor, sailed into the Bay, where we leave them to the favour of the Wind and Waves, and return to Egistus.

**W**hen having appointed this day to hunt in one of his Forests, called for his Son Dorastus, to go with himself, because he saw that of late he began to lounge: but his man made answer, that he was abroad none knew whither, except he was gone to the Woods, to walk all alone, as his Custom was every day.

The King wanting to amuse him out of his thoughts, sent one of his courtiers to seek him, but in vain; for as late he returned, and was himself would not, so that the King went himself to see the Woods, where he was passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked of his man, but he could not be heard of; which made the King in a great Choler: whereupon, most of his Noblemen, and other of his Courtiers went abroad to seek him, but they could not find him anywhere in all Sicily; and when the Captain of the Guard, who was appointed to make the King suspect that he was not gone far, found him no more, it made the King suspect that he was not gone far.

Two or three days being passed, and no news heard of Dorastus, Egistus being fearful that he was beloved of some Italian Beauty, commanded that a great Troop of men should go to seek him, who coasted through all the Country, and searched in every dangerous and secret place, until at last they met with a Shepherd, that was driving in a little Cobweb pack by the Sea-side, mending his flock, when Dorastus and Fawnus were sleeping; who being examined if he knew where his Son was, he told him, with many excuses, and at last revealed



## *Dorastus and Fawnia.*

revealed the whole matter, how he was sold Two days past, and had in his Company his Man Capmo, Porrus, and his fair Daughter Fawnia.

This heavy News was presently carried to the King, who half dead for sorrow, commanded Porrus's Wife to be sent for: she being come to the Palace, after due Examination, confessed that her Neighbours had oft told her, That the King's Son was too familiar with Fawnia her Daughter: whereupon the Husband fearing the worst about Two days past (hearing the King should go a hunting, rose early in the morning, and went to make his Complaint) but since the neither heard of him, nor saw him.

Egistus perceiving the Woman's unfeigned Simplicity, let her depart without incensing further Disobedience, conceiving such secret Grief for his Son's wretched Fate, that he had so forgotten his Honour and Parentage, he so half a choice to dishonour his Father, and discredit himself, that with very Care and Thoughts fell into a Quakerane Fever; which was so much for his each years and Consumption, and he became so weak, as the Physicians could grant him no Life.

But his Son Dorastus little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdom, in respect of his Lady Fawnia: Fortune smiling on this young Noble, sent him in lucky a Gale of Wind, for the space of a day and night, that the Mariners (as often upon the Parting; but the next morning about Break of Day, the Air began to alter, the Winds to rise, the Seas to swell; yea, presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed up in a very Sea: the Main-Mast with the Violence of the Wind was thron over-board, the Masts were torn, the Carpling rended asunder, the Storm raging still so furiously, that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The Tempest continued three days, all which time the Mariners every minute looked for Death; and the Air was so darkned with Clouds, that the Pilot could not tell by the Compass in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about Ten of the Clock, the Wind began to cease, the Sea was calm, and the Sky to be clear, and the Mariners descried the Coast of Bohemia, putting off their Dyabance for Joy, that they had escaped such a fearful Tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some Harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and had her be of good cheer: when they told him that

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the Port belonged to the Chief City of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his Court. Dorastus began to be sad; knowing that his Father hated no Man so much as Pandosto, and that the King himself had taught to hate Agilus: with this considered, he was half afraid to go on Land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his Name, and his Countrey, and such time as they could get some other Boat to Transport them into Italy: Dorastus taking this Advice; made his Case known to the Boatmen, rewarding them bountifully for their pains, and charging them to say, That he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia, called Melagrus. The Shipmen willing to shew their Friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish; and upon this, they landed in a little Village, a mile distant from the City; where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their Journey; the Name of Fawnia's Beauty was spread throughout all the City, so that it came to the ear of Pandosto, who then being about the Age of Fifty, but notwithstanding young and very passionate; so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia: and to bring this secret the better to pass, hearing they had but one Man, and how they rested at a very lonely House, he caused them to be apprehended as Thieves, and sent Twelve of his Men to take them; who being come to their Lodging, took them the Kings Message. Dorastus no more delayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to keep the Boat) who being admitted in the Kings Presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble Obeyance saluted his Majesty.

Pandosto amazed at the singular Perfection of Fawnia, stood half astonished, viewing her Beauty, so that he almost forgot himself what he had to do; at last with stern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Countrey they were, and what caused them to Land in Bohemia?

**S**IR (quoth Dorastus) know that my Name is Melagrus, a Knight, born and brought up in Trapolonia; and this Gentlewoman, whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an Italian, born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have to complain with me, is, for that her Friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whether I was sailing, and by Misdeeds of Weather, I was driven into these Coasts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Countrey, and the cause of my Voyage.

Pandosto

## *Dorastus and Fawnia.*

Pandosto, starting from his Seat, as one in a Choler, made this rough Reply.

**M** Eleagrus, I fear this smooth Tale hath but small Truth, and that thou coverest a foul Sin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady, by her Grace and Beauty, is of a higher degree, more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a simple Knight, and thou like a pursued Traytor, hast bereft her Parents of her, to their piteous grief and her ensuing Sorrow; therefore until I hear more of her Parents, and of her Calling and Education, and thou procure a Certificate out of Trapolonia of the truth of what thou hast related concerning thyself, I will stay you both in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but Kingly Malice, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this Answer:

**I**t is not meet for a Knight without due proof, to reproach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon Suspicion to infer belief; Strangers ought to be entertained with civility, not to be increased with cruelty; lest being forced by want, to put up injuries, they bring their cause with rigor. Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be committed to Prison, until such times as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court with such civility as belonged to a stranger, and her calling; the rest of the Ship-men were put into a Dungeon.

Having thus so hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians, Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest, but cast into his old Head a thousand devices: at last he fell into these thoughts.

**H**ow art thou disturbed (Pandosto) with fresh Affections and un-  
fit Fancies, wishing to possess with an unwilling mind, and a  
hot desire, troubled with a cold disdain: Shall thy mind yield in age,  
to that thou hast resisted in Youth? Peace Pandosto, blab not out that  
which thou mayest be ashamed to reveal thyself. Ah Fawnia is  
beautiful, and it is not for thine Honour (good Fool) to name her  
that is thy Captive, and another man's Concubine. Alas, I reach  
at that with my Hand, which my Heart would fain refuse: playing  
like the Bred Ibis in Egypt, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their  
Eggs.



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Tush, hot belices turn oftentimes to cold wisdom: Love is hisle, where Appetite, not Reason, bears the sway: Kings thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower than Honour: better is it to peck at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to prey on dead Carcasses with the Vulture: True it is more honourable for Pandosto to live by controlling love, than to enjoy such unfile love. Woth Pandosto then love? Yea whom? A Maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immortal, dragled out of her own Country. Beautiful, but not therefore Chast; comely in Body, perhaps crooked in Mind. Cease then Pandosto, to look at Fawnia, much less to love her: be not overtaken with a Romans beauty, whose Eyes are framed by Art to enamour; whose Heart is framed by nature to enchant; whose false Tears know their due time, and whose Sweet Words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here ceast Pandosto from his talk, but not from his love: for although he sought by Reason and Wisdom, to suppress this frantick passion, yet he could take no rest, the Beauty of Fawnia had made such a deep impression on his Heart. But on a day walking abroad in the Park (which was hard adjoining to his House) he sent by one of his Servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered these Words:

Fawnia, I commend the Beauty and Wit, and now pity the distress I am in; but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, (whose Poverty, though a Knight, is not able to maintain an Estate answerable to thy Beauty) and yield thy consent to Pandosto, I will increase the dote with Dignities and Riches. So Sir, answered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath won me by love, and none but he shall wear me; this sinister mischance shall not diminish my Affections, but rather increase my Good will; think not, though your Grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that fear shall make me yield my consent; I had rather be Meleagrus his Wife, and a Beggar, than live in Plenty, and be Pandosto's Concubine.

Pandosto hearing the assured Answer of Fawnia, would notwithstanding prosecute his Suit to the uttermost; seeking with fair Words, and great Promises, to scale the Fort of her Chastity: Swearing, that if she would grant to his Desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongst the Nobles: But these alluring Baits could not entice her mind from the love of her new betroathed

## *Dorastus and Fawnia*

creathed Dame Meleagrus, which Pandosto seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the demand. Fawnia being alone by her self, began to fall into these Meditations.

**A**h unfortunate Fawnia! thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the Gods and Fortune. Whoso gazeth at the Sun weakneth his sight; they which stare at the Sky, fall oft into deep Dyes: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needst not to have feared this chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low, to have had quiet, then by climbing high, to have fallen into misery: but alas, I fear not mine own danger, but Dorastus's displeasure.

Ah, sweet Dorastus, thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much love, procuring thy own loss: hadst thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake? No, would my Death might delibe him, to mine Honour might be preserv'd: With that, scratching a deep Rhye, she ceased from her complaints, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered Pleasure with small Joy. But poor Dorastus lay all this while in a close Prison, being pinch'd with hard restraint, and pain'd with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond Affections had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience to his Parents, he had brought his own Despair: another while cursing the Gods and Fortune, that they would cross him with another chance: musing at last his Passions with these words.

**A**h unfortunate Wretch! born to mishap, now thy folly hath let thee desert; art thou not worthy for thy hale mind to have had Fortune? Could the Destinies labour thee, which hath forgot thine Honour and Dignity? Will not the Gods plague him with despite that paineth his Father with disobedience? Oh Gods! if any favour or Justice be left, plague me, but labour poor Fawnia, and show her from the Tyrannies of wretched Pandosto: but let my Death free her from mishap, and then welcome Death.

Dorastus pained with these heavy Passions, sorrowed and sigh'd, but in vain; for which he us'd more patience.

But again to Pandosto, who boyling in the heat of unlawful Lust, could take no rest, but still felt his mind disquieted with his new love: so that his Nobles and Subjects marvelled greatly at his sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care.

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Pandosto thinking every hour a Year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his Chamber, whither she came though unwillingly coming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speeches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, Art thou become less wilful, and more wise, to prefer the love of a King, before the liking of a good Knight? I think e're this you think it is better to be laboured of a King, than of a Subject.

Fawnia.

Pandosto, The Body is subject to Honours, but the Mind is not to be subdued with Conquest: Honesty is to be preferred before Honours, and a Word of Truth will weigh down a Tun of Gold: I have promised Meleagrus my love, and will perform no less.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice, as to refuse the love of a King, nor so ungrateful as to despise a good turn: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou say'st I cannot: my Power is such, that I may compell by force, and yet I live by Honour. Will Fawnia, thy love to him, which burneth in thy heart: Meleagrus shall be set free, thy Countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I see Pandosto, where I will ruleth, it is a miserable thing to be a Virgin: but know this, that I will always prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuse Death than Dishonour.

Pandosto seeing that in Fawnia there was a determinate Courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he swore that if in a short time she would not be won by Reason, he would force all Courtship, and compel her to grant love by Rigour. But these threatening words no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both despised and despise Pandosto. While thus these two Lovers strave, the one to win love, the other to live in hate; Egeus heard certain News by Merchants of Bohemia, that his Son



## *Dorastus and Fawnia.*

Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his Son should be but hardly used; yet considering that Bellara and he were cleared by the Oracle of Apollo, from the Crime where-with Pandosto had unjustly charged them, thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his Son Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her Father Porrus.

Finding this, by the advice of his Counsel, the speediest course to release his Son, he caused presently two of his Ships to be rigged and thoroughly furnished with provision of Men and Weapons, and sent others of his Nobles, Embassadors into Bohemia, who willing to obey the King, and receive the Young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia; the Wind and Sea labouring them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were landed.

Pandosto no sooner heard of their Arrival, but in person he went to meet them, entertaining them with such courteous and familiar courtesie, that they might all well perceive how sorry he was for the former Injuries he had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia, in his Land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied only with one Shepherd and an old Shepherds; the Ambassadors perceiving by the tale, when the whole Tale was told, began to conjecture, that it was Dorastus, who for fear to be known, had changed his Name: but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court; where after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Embassage; where they certified Pandosto, that Meleagrus was Son and Heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; and how contrary to the King's mind he had possibly conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her; being Daughter to that poor Shepherd Porrus; whereupon the King's request was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murdered and put to death, and that his Son Dorastus might be brought home in safety. Pandosto having attentively and with great mark heard the Embassage, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus, and to shew him how greatly he esteemed his favour, although love and hate

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English him to Part Fawnia; yet in despite of love, he determined to execute Egistus's will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of Prison, who murthering at his unlooked-for counsellor, found at his coming to the King's presence that which he least dreamt of, his Father's Ambassadors; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandosto Embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State; Dorastus assured that his Folly was betrayed, sat a long time as one in a maze; till Pandosto told him the sum of his Father's Embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was touched to the quick, for the cruel Sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia, but neither could his sorrow nor indignation prevail, for Pandosto commanded, that Fawnia, Porrus, Capnio, should be brought to his presence: who were no sooner come, but Pandosto having his former rage turned into disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these terms:

Thou disdainful Whore, thou meretricious Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune, and yet with an aspiring mind gazing at Honour: How durst thou presume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? By thy alluring looks to Inchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country, to fulfil thy disordinate Lusts? O detestable Whore! A proud Heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great Fire in a small Cottage, which warms not the House, but burns it; and thou thyself art that Fire. And thou old doting Fool, whose Folly hath been such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach above the sky, look for no other meed, but the like punishment. But Capnio, who that thou betrayed the King, and hast consented to the unlawful Lust of the Lord and Master, I know not how fully I may plague thee; Death is too easie a punishment for thy falshood, and to live (if not without misery) were not to shew thee equity. I therefore award, that thou shalt have thine Eyes put out, and continually till thou dyest abide in a Dill, like a brute Beast.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful Silence upon Fawnia and Porrus; but Porrus seeing no hope of Life, burst forth into these words:

Pandosto, and ye Noble Ambassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to dye, I am yet glad I have opportunity to burden my Conscience before my Death: I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: Whereas I am accused that I have

## *Dorastus and Fawnia.*

I have been the supporter of Fawnia's Price, and the discoverer of a vile Beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor the Daughter unto me.

For it so happened, that I being a poor Shepherd in Sicilia, living by keeping other men's flocks; one of my Sheep straying down to the Sea-side, as I went to seek her, I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shoar, wherein I found a Babe of about six days old, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, having about the Neck this Chain, I picked up the Child, and full of the Treasure, carried it home to my Wife, who with care nursed it up, and set it to keep Sheep. Here is the Chain and the Jewells, and this Fawnia is the Child whom I found in the Boat: what she is, or of what Parentage I know not; but I am assured of it, she is none of mine.

Pandosto would hardly suffer him to tell out his Tale, but that he enquired the time of the Year, the manner of the Boat, and other Circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his account, he suddenly leaped from his Seat, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender Cheeks with his Tears, and crying, My Daughter Fawnia! Ah my sweet Fawnia, I am thy Father, Fawnia! This sudden Passion of the King drove them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus; but when the King had breathed himself a while in this new Joy, he rehearsed before the Ambassadors the whole matter, and how he had corrected his Wife Bellaria for Jealousie, and that this was the Child whom he sent to float on the Sea.

Fawnia was now more joyful that she had found such a Father, and Dorastus was glad he should get such a Wife. The Ambassadors rejoiced, that their young Prince had made such a choice; That those Kingdoms which through Enmity had long time been distressed, should now through perpetual Amity, be united and reconciled. The Citizens and Subjects of Bohemia hearing that the King had found again his Daughter, which was supposed dead, (that there was an Heir apparent to the Kingdom) made Bonfires and Shouts throughout all the City: The Courtiers and Knights pointed Jests and Courneys, to signify their willing minds in gratifying the King's hap.

Eighteen Days being past in these Princely Sports, Pandosto willing to recompence Old Porrus, of a Shepherd made him a Knight:



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which were, according to a fullish Story, in which the King  
 and his Companions with Donatus and Fawstus, and the Sicilian King  
 Calistus, by failed towards Sicily; where he was met by the  
 Countess of Sicily, who wearing this Capital Crown, received  
 the King at his own house; and without delay (as the principal Joy  
 of the Time being Liberty) celebrated the Marriage; which was no  
 longer than, but Fawstus calling to mind how he had betrayed the  
 King's Honour, and his own Soul, was the cause of Bellaria's Death,  
 who contrary to the Will of Heaven, he had taken after his own  
 Delight; which with such bitter Remorse, he fell into a most  
 lamentable Fit; and to close up the Country with Tropical Breasts  
 of his own blood; while others being many Days of service of  
 Fawstus, Donatus, and his dear Friend Fawstus, Donatus being tired  
 of his Father, went with his Wife, and the best Corps into Sicily,  
 where after it was some time, Donatus came to  
 Sicily, and was Queen.

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